

A PARALLEL between O. P. and P. O.

1.

When *Brewers and Bakers,*
And such *Undertakers,*
Did settle the *Church* and the *State*;
A fine *Reformation*
Was made in the *Nation,*
And *little Things* then became *great.*

2.

A *Rake-Helly Brewer,*
A *Rogue* I am sure,
A *Subtil* one, when but a *Boy*;
Yet that *Politician*
Did get a *Commission,*
The *King* and his *Friends* to *destroy.*

3.

Which *Thing* he effected,
And then was *Elected*
By a *People* that call themselves *Free,*
To be their *Protector*;
Oh! then he did *Hector,*
And was called his *Highness* O. P.

4.

Those *Times* they were *sad*;
But not half so *bad*
In that, as in this *Usurpation* :
Much *Treasure* was *spent,*
But none of it *sent*
To *Holland,* to *beggar* the *Nation.*

5.

For in *Oliver's Days,*
To his mighty *Praise,*
The *Fleet* and the *Army* were *pay'd*;
Our *Merchants* preserv'd,
And no *Man* was *starv'd,*
Or *perish'd* for want of a *Trade.*

6.

But now in the *Street,*
What *Objects* we meet
Of *Tradesmen,* who beg for *Relief*;
Whilst the *Dutch* at *White-Hall,*
From the *English* take all,
By command of P. O. the *Grand Thief.*

7.

Who his *Father* did *rob,*
And the *Nation* did *bob,*
And *Swears* by his *Power* and *Might,*
That he is a *Widgeon*
That matters *Religion,*
Since *Strength* and *Success* gives a *Right.*

8.

And for the dull *English,*
He'll make 'em distinguish
Between the *long Robe* and the *Sword*;
And as he sees cause,
He'll damn all the *Laws,*
And govern by that of his *Word.*

9.

By which we may see
His *Highness* O. P.
Was an *Ass* to his *Highness* P. O.
For the brave *Cavileer*
Sometimes he would spare,
But the *Facobites* all to *Pot* go.

10.

So 'tis very plain,
This *damn'd* *curst* *Reign*
Of the *two* is far the *worst Evil,*
For *Nose* and the *Dutch*
Will ruine all such
That won't sell their *Souls* to the *Devil.*

11.

If the *House* of *Commons*
Had *Souls* like the *Romans,*
Or *Courage* like *Brave Sir John R--s,*
In spite of *Dutch Boors*
They'd kick out of *Doors*
The *Usurper,* and do the *King* right.

12.

But the blessed *Convention*
Is brib'd by a *Pension,*
So nothing from them we can hope;
Till *Home* *Heaven* does bring
Our much *injur'd King,*
Then all they can claim is a *Rope.*

13.

And now I do think,
'Tis time for to drink
A *Bumper,* don't think it too much *Man*;
'Tis the *Restoration,*
And *Peace* to the *Nation,*
Confusion likewise to the *Dutchman.*

FINIS.